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Clan Roster

Thunderclan

Leader: Briarstar (Pinkish-ginger she-cat, amber eyes)

Deputy: Mossclaw (Black and white tom, green eyes, Dappleshine's mate)

Medicine cat: Lemonpaw (Yellow tom with green eyes, name given after mentor died)

Warriors: (Age order)

Amberpelt (Ginger tom, amber eyes, torn ears, Firecloud's father)

Moonheart (Silver-and-black speckled she-cat, blue eyes, Rainpaw's mentor)

Blossomfur (Ginger-and-black calico tom, green eyes, Featherpaw's mentor)

Spottedbranch (Brown tabby she-cat, amber eyes, mother of Lemonpaw)

Sunscar (Golden tom, covered in scars from fox attack, amber eyes)

Waspjaw (White tom with black stripes, distinct stripes across jaw, yellow eyes)

Softsky (Pale grey tabby she-cat, blue eyes, Doeear's sister)

Firecloud (Ginger tom with one blind eye, other eye is blue)

Queens:

Dappleshine (Tortoiseshell she-cat with blue eyes, expecting kits)

Doeear (Light brown she-cat, cream patches with one cream ear, green eyes)

Apprentices:

Lemonpaw (Bright golden tom, yellow eyes)

Featherpaw (Black tom, white ear, amber eyes, brother of Rainpaw)

Rainpaw (Tortoiseshell she-cat with blue eyes, like her mother Dappleshine)

Kits:

Thrushkit (Tan she-kit, white chest and belly, brown spots, amber eyes, father died before she was born, mother died in childbirth, being nursed by Doeear)

Eaglekit (Dark brown tabby she-kit, green eyes, Waspjaw and Doeear's kit)

Fuzzykit (White she-kit, extremely long and thick fur, amber eyes, Waspjaw and Doeear's kit)

Elders:

Swiftwhisker (Black tom, one amber eye, one blue eye, oldest cat in the clan)

Heathermouse (Tan tabby she-cat, blue eyes, oldest she-cat in the clan)

Littlebee (White-and-back speckled she-cat, yellow eyes, mother to Waspjaw)

Windclan

Leader: Littlestar (Tom)

Deputy: Leafpuddle (She-cat)

Medicine cat: Whitenose (Tom)

Warriors:

Whiskerlight (Tom)

Shimmertail (She-cat)

Deerwhisker (Tom)

Finchpetal (She-cat)

Wolfleap (Tom)

Silverheart (Tom)

Queens:

Cherrymoon (She-cat)

Apprentices:

Badgerpaw (Tom)

Owlpaw (Tom)

Berrypaw (She-cat)

Kits:

Pricklekit (She-kit)

Sparrowkit (Tom)

Elders:

Petalflight (She-cat)

Jaypelt (Tom)

Shadowclan

Leader: Ravenstar (She-cat)

Deputy: Milkfoot (She-cat)

Medicine cat: Peartail (Tom)

Warriors:

Whitestem (Tom)

Mallowheart (She-cat)

Smokepad (Tom)

Cloverfall (Tom)

Roseface (She-cat)

Queens:

Goldenwillow (She-cat)

Feathermist (She-cat)

Apprentices:

Applepaw (Tom)

Sootpaw (Tom)

Larkpaw (She-cat)

Kits:

Needlekit (Tom)

Cinderkit (She-kit)

Lynxkit (She-kit)

Elders:

Myrtleflight (Tom)

Riverclan

Leader: Wavestar (She-cat)

Deputy: Tansybreeze (Tom)

Medicine cat: Bluewing (She-cat)

Warriors:

Reedspring (She-cat)

Dewstone (Tom)

Mintfang (Tom)

Sleekfin (She-cat)

Windthroat (Tom)

Pineberry (Tom)

Queens:

Hollyfern (She-cat)

Apprentices:

Tinypaw (Tom)

Mistpaw (She-cat)

Kits:

Acornkit (She-kit)

Elders:

Aspenlight (She-cat)

Cloudstripe (Tom)

Frostflower (She-cat)

Splashwing (Tom)

Chapter One

"Wake up!"

I feel a small paw prod my backside. I let out a squeaky mew in protest.

"Eaglekit, stop that! She doesn't need to wake up just yet."

Eaglekit. My sister. I feel her short, thick fur brush my whiskers. She smells like milk and moss.

"I just want her to see the nursery. It's huge!" The cat who I assume is my mother lets out a purr,

"You've only been awake for a moment, little one!"

"I'm not that small! I'm bigger than Fuzzykit."

"Really?" I mew. I open my eyes and stare down at my paws. I can hardly see them under a bundle of long white fur. I stand up and realize that it's my own chest fur. *So I have white fur!*
"Finally!"

I look up to see Eaglekit. I recognize her smell. She looks different than I imagined, with a thick brown tabby pelt and brown-green eyes. Her fur is short, and I can see it bristle with excitement. She looks big, but I'm sure I'm bigger! I stand up,

"I'm not smaller than you!"

"Well, now you're standing up!"

I purr. I like Eaglekit. She's small, but she looks like she's ready for an adventure.

"If you'd like, you can go explore the camp with Thrushkit."

I turn around to see a large light brown cat with cream patches and

spots, with one ear being entirely cream-colored, and bright green eyes. I recognize her scent immediately; milk, leaves, moss, Eaglekit. My mother, of course. But I don't know Thrushkit.

"Who is Thrushkit?" I ask my mother.

"She is another kit here in the nursery. She's about a quarter-moon older than you two."

As she speaks, another kit tumbles into the nursery. She's a bit taller than me. She has sandy brown fur with a cream belly, chest and muzzle. Her pelt has faint spots in a darker shade of brown running along her chest and belly.

"Thrushkit, we were just saying that it might be a good idea for you to show Fuzzykit and Eaglekit around camp." Doeear mews.

"Fuzzykit, you've opened your eyes!"

I puff out my chest fur, trying to appear larger,

"I have. I wanted to see what my mother and my sister looked like."

"You even have amber eyes, like mine!"

"Really?" Thrushkit's eyes are a beautiful shade of glowing brownish-orange. *Are my eyes that pretty?*

"Yeah!"

Eaglekit pads over,

"Can we go now?" She asks.

"Sure. Follow me!"

Thrushkit pads out of the large entrance to the nursery. It's already so big! Is the camp even bigger? Eaglekit and I follow her out.

"Wooow!"

The camp is enormous! There's a large clearing outside the nursery, with a big stone in the middle. The camp's high walls are

surrounded by trees on the outside. I turn and see a large path leading upwards to dens that look like the nursery. Cats are scattered around the camp. I see a large fox-red tabby talking to a slightly smaller bright orange cat.

"That's Briarstar," Thrushkit whispers, pointing out the tabby, "She's the clan leader."
"She's huge!" Eaglekit's eyes glow with excitement as she whispers, "Do you think I can be a warrior that big?"
"If your apprentice training goes well, yes." An unfamiliar voice sounds behind me.

"Lemonpaw!"

A large golden tabby tom stands there, looking down at us. I try and look up at him, but I have to step back to see his eyes. He's smaller than Briarstar, but still big.

"Lemonpaw is the medicine cat apprentice, so he is always training to be a medicine cat. His mentor is Sweetfern."

"New kits!" Lemonpaw mews, "I'm sure the elders will be pleased. You are Doeear and Waspjaw's kits, right?"

Doeear must be my mother's name, and I've heard her talk about Waspjaw visiting us. Before I can answer, Eaglekit steps forwards,

"Yes. Where is Waspjaw?"

"He's on a hunting patrol, but I'll tell him you opened your eyes if I see him."

"Is the forest big?" I ask. Lemonpaw nods,

"It's huge! Way bigger than the nursery."
"Can we meet a warrior?" Thrushkit asks.

"Sure," mews Lemonpaw, "I'll show you to their den."

As we begin to trek away from the nursery, I walk in stride with Thrushkit.

"Have you met any warriors?" I ask her.

"Not yet."

I barely hear Thrushkit, my mind is whirling with all the new sights, sounds and scents all around me. *How could anything be bigger than the camp? And if the forest is bigger, how in the world will I navigate it?* I snap out of my thoughts and see a den, a bit bigger than the nursery ahead. This is the warriors den. I see a large tom in the entrance. He has broad shoulders and light ginger fur that glows gold in the sunlight.

"Hello kits. First time out of the nursery?"

"Yeah! We're going to see the whole world." Eaglekit mews.

"Maybe someday. For now you must stay in the camp." The tom says. I pad up closer to him,

"What's your name?"

"I'm Amberpelt," he purrs.

"Hey, didn't you fight in the battle with Shadowclan?" Thrushkit asks.

"Yes, I did."

"Really?" I've heard about this battle before. It was the most brutal battle since the elders were still warriors.

"Was it scary?" I can't imagine fighting huge Shadowclan cats, but Amberpelt looks like he never gets scared.

"Of course. Every battle is scary, but you learn to be brave."

"Are all warriors that brave?" Eaglekit mews.

"I like to think so." Amberpelt responds.

"Tell us about the battle!" says Thrushkit.

"Sure. It happened back when Redstar led Thunderclan. You know

that Redstar was the leader before Briarstar, but he lost his last life in the battle. It had been a brutal leaf-bare and all the clans were starving. Shadowclan had been stealing prey from us for a quarter moon when they decided to invade the camp and raid our fresh-kill pile. Unluckily for them, the patrols had just returned so almost every cat was in camp. They were outnumbered, but starving cats can be very dangerous. We fought and fought until the last of their patrol ran away. Do you see the scars on my ears?" He says, gesturing towards his torn ears. I nod.

"They are from that battle. We lost many of our own that day. One Shadowclan cat, driven insane by hunger, attacked the elders and we lost the two eldest of them in the battle. One more died before the next gathering. We lost many warriors along with our leader, and Littlebee moved to the elders' den afterwards, but every cat fought well. The next day, Starclan blessed us with just enough fresh-kill to feed everyone who was still alive. At the next gathering, we confronted the Shadowclan leader, Ravenstar, but it turned out she had no idea what had happened. The patrol had left on their own without telling her and they had lied when they returned. Ravenstar apologized and banished the traitors right then and there. The battle had ended, but the scars still had to heal..."

As we listen to Amberpelt's story, I hear a cat pad up behind us.

"There you are. Lemonpaw said you had opened your eyes."

I turn and see a large white tom with amber eyes that almost look yellow and black patches along his back. His ears, paws, muzzle, and tail-tip are completely black. Lemonpaw pads in behind him.

"This is your father, Waspjaw. He last saw you at your kitting!"

"Hello-"

I'm cut off as Eaglekit pounces on our father's back, mischief in her eyes.

"Oh, Starclan! Help, I'm being attacked by a fox!" Waspjaw yelps as he jumps around, playfully trying to shake Eaglekit off.

"Ha! I'll never let go! I'm a big, vicious fox!" Eaglekit lets out a tiny fake growl and jumps from Waspjaw's back to his head.

"Fuzzykit, help me beat this warrior!"

"Oh no, I'll be trapped!"

I pounce on Waspjaw's wagging tail, pinning it to the ground, and leap on top of him. Suddenly, he shifts and twists around, nearly shaking me off. Eaglekit cries out as she leaps off him, then quickly pounces on his belly when he's rolled over.

"I've got you!"
"No! I've been vanquished!"

Waspjaw lets out an exaggerated gasp and flops down. We sit triumphantly on his belly until he opens his eyes and rolls over, letting us both drop to the ground.

"You two will be grand warriors someday. How about we get back to the nursery and tell your mother about how you two foxes beat a warrior?"

"Okay." I mew. My legs feel heavy anyway. *I feel like I've walked the whole forest!* We walk over to the nursery. Thrushkit runs up to me,

"Your first catch was your own father!"

"Yep, and he's been fully vanquished!" I mew proudly.

"I still have enough strength to do this," Waspjaw picks me up by the scruff.

"Hey! Let me down!" I mewl and claw at the air, desperately trying to get down. I hear Eaglekit purr.

"It's not funny!" I growl at her, even though I can feel a purr rising in my own throat.

"It kind of is!" she says.

"Here we are." Waspjaw says through a mouthful of fur. He sets me

down outside of the nursery.

"Waspjaw!" Doeear purrs as she greets her mate with a lick of affection.

"I found the kits in the warriors den-" Waspjaw gets cut off by Eaglekit's loud mew,

"We caught him!"

"Oh, did you?" Doeear purrs.

"They fought like good little foxes and had me down in no time." Waspjaw says. I fluff up my chest and mew,

"We're the most vicious creatures who will ever live! We beat a full warrior!"

"Yeah!"

Waspjaw licks us each behind the ear and I hear him mumble to Doeear,

"I am so proud. They are beautiful."

"Of course, they're our kits."

I realize that I haven't met Thrushkit's parents.

"Hey Thrushkit, where are your parents?"

She looks down at her paws and quietly mews,

"My mother died after kitting and my father died in battle a moon before that. Doeear has been nursing me."

"Oh... I'm sorry."

"It's okay..."

I pad over and give her a lick on the shoulder.

"Well, I'm happy to have you in the nursery with us! And I bet your

parents are so proud of you from Starclan. They are probably watching us now from up in silverpelt."

"Th-thank you." Thrushkit stammers.

"I'm tired," I mew, "We should sleep."

I wait for Eaglekit to back me up, but she's already curled up beside Doeear, almost asleep. My eyes start to droop and I lay down beside my mother and sister. Doeear purrs,

"Rest, kits. You've explored a lot today."

"But the forest is so big! I want to see all of it!" I mew.

"You will, one day."

I nuzzle closer to my mother and bury myself in her warm, soft pelt. As my thoughts drift into dreams, I feel Thrushkit lay down beside me, joining me in a nice, long nap.

Chapter Two

I open my eyes and look around the nursery. It's been getting more and more full in the last four moons, with Dappleshine and Softsky moving in. Dappleshine, the eldest queen with one older litter in training, had Daykit and Petalkit with Mossclaw two moons ago, and Softsky's kits should come any day now. She hasn't said who the father is, but most of us suspect that it's Sunscar. They're always together, and every cat knows that Sunscar has liked her since they were apprentices.

"Move over!" Eaglekit mewls.

"Sorry, it's just crowded now."

I'm squished between my mother, Thrushkit and Eaglekit. Softsky, my mother's sister, is curled up next to us. Towards the opposite edge of the nursery lies Dappleshine and her kits.

"Well it's too late now. You've woken me up." Eaglekit stands up and stretches. Thrushkit blinks, pokes at Doeear and mews,

"Can we go out now?" It's been a very cold leaf-bare and Doeear wants us to always let her know when we leave the nursery.

"Alright, but it's only just sunrise, so try and keep quiet. Some cats are probably still fast asleep, but you may talk to your father if you see him awake."
"Yay! Let's go!" Eaglekit jumps up and runs out of the nursery. Thrushkit and I pad after her.

"You may pick out a mouse to share if you're quiet!" Doeear calls after us.

We've had mouse before and Doeear wants us to start eating it more because we are old enough to stop nursing and our teeth can hurt her. I walk to the fresh-kill pile with Thruskit. Eaglekit is already there. The pile is small, but there's still enough for the clan. The

elders say that Starclan has been kind to us because the prey has left markings near their burrows and it's easier to find. Even so, the prey is small and scrawny, so Eaglekit suggests we take three mice to share with the other kits. I agree and we each take one. We go to the nursery to drop off the prey and eat.

"You brought a mouse!" A small golden shape bundles towards me. Daykit looks up at me with lively blue eyes. Her sister Petalkit, a shy pale ginger tabby with green eyes, follows her. They have only had a mouse once or twice, and they are always trying to get more.

"We brought some for all of us to share!" Eaglekit says.

"That was kind of you," Says Dappleshine, "Daykit, Petalkit, thank your denmates for bringing you prey."

"Thank you!" They mew in unison, although Daykit's mew was much louder. We settle down next to them and start to eat. As I pad over to give her a mouse, Softsky tries to stand, but her belly is so swollen that she nearly falls. Doeear steadies her.

"Sorry, I just saw Sunscar, and I need to talk to him." Softsky says quietly.

"I'll walk with you," Doeear offers, and Softsky nods gratefully. They walk out of the nursery, Softsky leaning on Doeear's shoulder, and approach Sunscar. I see Softsky say something to him in a hushed tone and he brushes his muzzle against hers and licks her behind the ear. Suddenly, Softsky sways, and Doeear and Sunscar both move to catch her. She stands panting.

"Dappleshine!" My mother calls. Dappleshine takes a look at the three of them and turns to us.

"Softsky's kits are coming, so we need to get out of the nursery. Follow me." She leads us out of the nursery and I see my mother rush to the medicine den. Sweetfern runs out with a bundle of herbs in her jaws. Lemonpaw follows her. *This is really happening!*

"How long until the kits come?" Petalkit asks.

"It depends," says Dappleshine, "Sometimes it can take a whole day,

but sometimes it only takes a moment. Ask Starclan to help Softsky's kitting be swift."

Please help Softsky! I pray inside my mind. A wail sounds from the nursery.

"Mama, is she gonna be okay? Does it usually hurt?" Petalkit asks.

"Of course. All kittings hurt, but no cat thinks of the pain once the kits are born."

"What do they think about, then?" Asks Daykit.

"Love, my dear," Mews Dappleshine, a smile in her eyes, "We only think of love."

I hear Lemonpaw saying something in a low, soothing tone. Sunscar is in the den, murmuring things into Softsky's ear. It looks like we were right about who the father was. My mother is there too, watching frantically from the side. Softsky moans, and then wails louder than a dog's bark. Briarstar enters the camp with her dawn patrol and approaches Dappleshine.

"Is she kitting?" She asks. Dappleshine nods. She says something else, but I can't hear it over the wails coming from the nursery. I see Lemonpaw rush out and grab a pawful of moss and rush out towards the stream to soak it in water. After a few minutes he returns and rushes past the fresh-kill pile, spraying water all over a magpie.

Softsky yowls in pain every few minutes and I can hear Sunscar and Doeear comfort her with quiet, gentle words. The atmosphere is thick and tense and Dappleshine's tail wraps around her kits more tightly with every jarring yowl. *Did we really join the clan like this?*

"You're almost there!" Sweetfern mews. A few final earsplitting wails shake the camp and then Softsky falls silent. The grim silence spreads through the camp, until...

"Two healthy toms!" Sweetfern announces. Sighs of relief spread through the camp, followed by a cheer for the new kits. But when they quiet down, I can't hear the little toms mewing. I sneak away

from Dappleshine and peek through the nursery entrance.

"Why aren't they mewing?!" Softsky says. She looks both exhausted and panicked.

"I-I'm sure it's fine." Sunscar stammers, his pelt bristling. Sweetfern sniffs the first tom. I can barely see him, for his fur is the same color as his mother's.

"This one is breathing fine and he's trying to nurse. Now, let's see..." she bends over the other kit, a white and gold tabby, sniffing him. She hesitates, her eyes flashing with worry, then gives the kit a lick. The tom doesn't move.

"I... I'm so sorry. This kit was born dead." Sweetfern mews, sadness clouding her gaze. The nursery is eerily silent for a moment. A chilling wail splits the air as Softsky raises her head to silverpelt and cries out. Sunscar collapses next to his mate, eyes dull and glazed with grief, too shocked to say a word. Doeear crouches next to her littermate and licks her ears gently as Softsky buries her muzzle into her son's tiny body. Lemonpaw looks on, shocked and scared. I stare at them trembling for a moment before I pad into the den and nuzzle up against my mother.

"Fuzzykit? What are you doing here?"

"I-I wanted to meet the kits so I came to see them, but then..." I break off in a whimper. Doeear's eyes glisten with empathy as she wraps her soft tail around me.

"I heard screaming, what happened?" Dappletail says, rushing into the nursery. She stops and looks around, quickly realizing what happened.

"Oh, softsky..." Dappletail presses her muzzle against her friends side. Dappletail had lost a kit in her first litter only a quarter-moon after they were born. Her eyes brim with understanding and sorrow. She stands up and pads towards the exit.

"I'll make sure the other kits stay in the clearing." She mews. Doeear nods as Dappletail leaves.

"We'll get him ready for a burial." says Sweetfern, nodding at Lemonpaw.

"Wait, I have to name him." Softsky mews, her mew quiet and shaky. Sunscar looks down at the body of the kit and nods.

"What do you want to call him?"

"Lionkit."

"Of course. He even looks like a little warrior."

"May he be happy in Starclan." Mews sweetfern, picking up the little tom and carrying him out of the den. Softsky buries her face in her mates golden fur in grief. Her shifting movement gently pushes the remaining tom from her belly and the tiny kit lets out a mewl. Softsky raises her head and focuses her dull eyes on the little tom, still dazed. Suddenly, her eyes brighten a bit as she realizes that she still has a kit by her side. She presses the kit against her belly with her tail and covers his ears with fierce licks. The kit squeals again as his mother's tongue rasps over his ears.

"I promise, I will protect you." Softsky whispers, her eyes brimming with pain and love.

"He's beautiful." mews Sunscar, even managing a small purr. The tom is nestled against his mother, his gray fur blending in to her's. Softsky continues washing his tail, more gently than earlier.

"You know," whispers Doeear, "This kit is your kin. You will get to spend your lives together and perhaps you will grow close. Be kind to him, Fuzzykit."

"I promise," I say, "I promise to protect him forever!" Doeear purrs,

"Alright little one," she says, "now, will you go and fetch the others? They should meet their denmate." Softsky nods in agreement.

"Okay! But what is his name?" I ask. Softsky raises her head and thinks for a moment.

"Is Puddlekit alright?"

"It's perfect." Says Sunscar.

"We should let them rest." Doeear says, turning to me. She gently guides me out of the nursery with her tail.

"Are they alright?"

"What is his name?"

"What does he look like?"

A flurry of questions come from the surrounding warriors. It sounds like the news of the first kit has already been passed around. Doeear answers one at a time.

"The kit is strong and healthy. He is a light gray color and his name is Puddlekit."

"Mama, when can we play with him?" Asks Daykit.

"He was just born! He is too small to play roughly, but you can show him the camp when his eyes open." Mews Dappleshine.

"Can we visit him?" says Petalkit.
"Alright," answers Doeear, "But be quiet and careful. He is very little and Softsky is very tired." She turns to me, "Fuzzykit, why don't you show them the kit?"

"Sure!" I bounce up and walk the others to the nursery.

"Can we come in?" asks Thrushkit.

"Sure," says Lemonpaw, "but be careful." We enter the nursery and I show them to Softsky's nest. The other's eyes widen when they see the little kit nestled into Softsky's flank.

"Wow," Eaglekit breathes, "he's so little."

"Aw, look! He's got a grip on his mother tail!" Purrs Daykit. Sure enough, little Puddlekit has his paws wrapped around Softsky's tail, holding tight. Softsky gently tries to move it away. The little tom squeaks in protest and tries to get up and grab it again. Everyone

purrs, even Softsky and Sunscar.

"Welcome to the clan." I whisper.